

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

For the Minerva.

EMMA THE FOUNDLING.

A TALE OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.

From the French of Madam Du Bon.

BY. L. N.

To the north of Limagne, in the retirement of a deep, wild valley, lived Roland, once the squire to a noble knight, the last of his race, and who was slain in battle. From the bloody field where he had seen his master fall, he escaped inconsolable and heartstricken; exchanged his arms against the frock of a poor peasant, and succeeded in gaining the retreat we have mentioned. There in the humble capacity of goatherd he hid himself from the world, and tended his flock in solitude. He had lived in this seclusion long enough for the vigour of his limbs to have departed, and his frame to become bowed with age, when one summer evening, as he sat beside a small waterfall, former times recurred to him so vividly that the present was entirely forgotten, and the full moon, peering over the opposite cliffs and beaming in his eye, was the first object that recalled his wandering thoughts. He arose, belated in the dews and duskiness of the valley, whistled his flock together, and began to drive them homeward. On counting them, however, one was missing; as the few mountaineers that frequented those hills were honest, he was sure that the animal had only strayed. But as she was his only milch-goat, he hurried back in search of her to the steeper parts of the valley. Climbing up the rocks, he saw her indeed, but perched on the very verge of the loftiest peak of the whole range. He shouted, but in vain; he flung stones, but his trembling arm could not reach her. Exasperated now, the resolute old man began the toilsome ascent, and pushed on more steadily as the difficulties of

the way increased, incensed that the animal never offered to move, but seemed capriciously bent on keeping her station. When he had obtained the summit, exhausted and panting, he pressed forward to seize the goat, when to his astonishment, he found that she was suckling a naked infant, which as far as the moonlight allowed him to discover, was of exquisite beauty, and without a single memento near, by which it might be traced to its unnatural owners.

All amaze and pity, Roland raised the child, and wrapped it in his bosom; he caressed the goat, who bounding from rock to rock, as he cautiously prosecuted his descent, would still leap to his side as if already instinctively attached to the new nursling. Without a thought of the brambles that had torn his feet, nor the wrenches and bruises his old limbs had undergone, the goatherd made straight for his cottage. There he spread a mat on the ground, and heaped it with dry moss; he laid the infant on the rude couch, and kneeling beside it, bent over his charge with hands closed in prayer, solemnly thanking that providence which had permitted him to frustrate the designs of the wicked, and save from a horrid death the innocent victim thus cruelly exposed. "Bless thee, babe!" he continued, "I name thee Emma, in memory of a dear daughter; may some brave cavalier yet punish the traitor who bore thee to that rock and left thee to perish!" That night the old man's eyes knew no slumber; a countless throng of anticipations and apprehensions occupied his thoughts; he dreaded that the defenceless innocent he had saved would be yet the prey of her secret enemies, if the least hint of her rescue transpired; lamenting then his poverty, once his pride, he regretted that to rear her in safety he must confine her in seclusion and obscurity. But this course was the only one that offered; and with the first ray of the dawn he arose and kissed the sleeping Emma, then hastened to a distant village beyond the valley, where he exchanged some of his rustic produce for suitable necessities for his little companion.

From that time he daily carried her with

him to the hills, nor ever for a moment left her out of his sight. The listless hours which he had formerly spent in idle contemplation now passed jocund by, with renovating influence, as he watched the developement of her infantine charms. He welcomed her first smile with transport; and when her gentle voice had learned to call him by that affectionate name, father! the ancient squire would press her to his breast, and with long forgotten emotions, exclaim, "God shield thee, little one! hadst been but a boy! that old Roland might train thee to arms as he trained Count Theobald!" Twenty times a day when Emma first strove to walk, he would place her on some grassy spot, and seating himself at a short distance, indulged in rapturous glee at her timid, tottering step and the lively haste with which she sprang to his arms the moment she touched his outstretched hands. Her inquisitive spirit never wearied his fond patience; and when she would insist on his receiving the flower she had culled, because it pleased her as a beautiful object; and would run back to the cottage, outstripping his steps if he were returning for any thing forgotten, and with delight, save him a few paces, her good, old preserver found his pains and anxieties repaid. Her docile spirit was ever open to instruction; in her tenderness of heart he foresaw the debt of gratitude fulfilled with affectionate zeal. The desire to oblige seemed a principle of her nature, and even the inanimate things she was accustomed to dwell among, found a place in her heart. Every domestic employment that Roland practised, she early acquired; and in all endeavoured to supersede him. He encouraged her emulous spirit of kindness; but to prevent her attempting labours beyond her strength, he brought to his cottage, Marda, an ancient and solitary dame, whom no promptings of curiosity or enterprise had ever carried beyond the valley; and from this instructress she soon became familiar with female employments. Of these one was spinning, and to this she gave her leisure hours; while Roland would tell her of the world in which he had once lived, and excite her young wonder with the history of his martial adventures. Roland found her a delighted listener to his tales of war and chivalry; her eye at times would glisten, her bosom heave, and the distaff escape from her fingers as he related the story of deeds of devoted courage and generosity. "O, father!" she would exclaim, "if evil ones oppress us, will a gallant knight come forward to defend us also?" "Yes, trust me," he would reply; "for heaven watches over the innocent, and sends guardians to the defenceless."

Their hours flew fast, happily timed with labour and recreation; and the sweetest se-

renity and peace were the portion of Emma until her fifteenth year. Then Roland began to feel that his term of days was drawing near; the lamp of life burned dim; his head declined to the earth, and his stiffening limbs could scarcely support him. Roused by the hasty approach of the messenger of separation, he gathered together, as it were, the feeble remains of life, and prepared to undertake a journey to the venerable County Auvergne, to place his precious charge under a high protection. But when with scrip and staff, he stood at the threshold, and bade adieu to Emma, though but for a short time, her tears and imploring entreaties to be permitted to accompany him, or else that he would not think to leave her, exhausted the little strength on which he had vainly calculated. Emma, from whose detaining arms he broke away with a command that she should not attempt to follow him, continued at the door, and watched his departure with streaming eyes. It was the first harsh words he had ever addressed her; and unconscious of having done aught to offend, she wept unrestrainedly at his unlooked-for sternness. But ere he had proceeded a hundred paces, he staggered and fell; in an instant she was at his side:—"My father! my dear father is hurt; alas! how pale—where art thou wounded?" she cried, but he interrupted her—"Dear child! do not let me see thee grieve, for I die without pain; ere life departs listen to my last request."—But Emma had flown to search out an aromatic herb whose odour had often revived him, when weak and fatigued. The old man thanked her and pressed her hand; "thy sweet herb avails not," said he, "for this is my last hour. O, why did I not commence my journey long ere this? I was going to obtain for thee the protection of the County Auvergne, for know, Emma, thou art not my child; no! I found thee, an infant, left on that high rock above the cedar forest. O Emma! thy graces and innate goodness of heart prove that thou art sprung of gentler blood than that of the brutish serfs and swains. Powerful and interested persons have sought their own benefit in thy destruction; and now that I am taken from thee, thou art without guardian or defence on the face of the earth, and if thou art discovered, must assuredly pay the forfeit of thy innocent life. Then tempt not providence that has given thee here a secure retreat; go not beyond the valley! still call the old pastor thy father, and heaven will yet right thee. Be content and fear not." And with these words his eye closed and his heart ceased to beat.

In breathless surprise and ill-repressed pangs of grief and terror, had Emma heard the strange tale; and had seen the livid hue steal with quick pace over the rigid features

that had erst ever been clad with the smile of happy affection. She shrieked and trembled, and recoiled from the grisly corse, till perceiving her utter loneliness, she flung herself on the earth beside it, and with loud, impatient screams of sorrow bewailed her loss. The echo of the hills for a moment deceived her, and turning to discover what sharer of her grief had answered, she found none to console, none to assist. Awhile she looked fixedly on the dead, striving in vain to retrace the benign expression that used to penetrate to her soul; it shone no longer; in its place gleamed a picture of inanition, that froze her to behold. Her slender form, like the lily, yielding to the blast, sunk on the turf; and as the faintness in which nature takes refuge from violent emotion, came over her, she hoped it was death she felt, that she might not survive her protector. On reviving she found herself in the cottage; Marda was beside her; she had heard her cries and hastening to the spot, had transported her home. Emma refused the homely consolations she offered, and gave herself up to the bitterest weeping. The patient Marda, finding her powers of soothing ineffectual, determined at last to save her young friend from further sorrow, and departing, summoned some peasants who performed the last rites to the benevolent hermit.

A fortnight passed, and yet Emma had not once taken her flock to the hills. Full of suspicion and distrust excited by the last words of Roland, she dreaded even in the valley, to meet the unnatural relatives who had once attempted her life; and clung the fonder to the recollection of the only generous and kind-hearted being she had known. But while she wept, she remembered how much he had scorned inaction, how often he had condemned despondence, and she felt that her indulgence in regret wronged his memory. She, therefore, with a strong effort rose superior to her affliction, returned to her household labours, and took her languishing flock once more to their pastures. There Roland was no more beside her, and her loss recurred to her heart with new force. Still, time abates the violence of grief; and Emma at length became calm, if not happy.

One day as she mused on the story of her early exposure, an idle wish arose of climbing to the very spot, and examining it herself. She at once attempted the ascent, and was soon on that remarkable summit. But O, what a scene opened on her unpractised view! From where she stood, the mountains before her, covered with thick woods, sloped to a plain. There, mingling with the blue distance, was a far-stretching city; nearer, a pile of towers embosomed in woods. The plain was furrowed with vale and swell; its fields yellow with the harvest;

and small white sails glided swan-like over streams that intersected it in various directions. Then she looked back, down into her own dark, narrow, and stony valley. "How these prospects differ," she exclaimed, "alas! why cannot I live in the world—it is so beautiful! But I must not"—and sorrowfully she descended and returned to the cottage; but from that day it ever seemed too narrow to hold her heart. Each fine morning she led her flock to the same gray pinnacle, and descending to a small bower on the other side, would sit and gaze on the objects below. The distant city, its dun red roofs, its gleaming spires and dark walls, perplexed her imagination. The castle, with its tall towers, banners, and massy gates, seen amid groves of ancient and full-foliaged trees, whose dark, heavy verdure was a contrast to the sparingly vested and scattered scions of the mountain; and the gay troops that sometimes flitted across the castle's drawbridge, were a fine accompaniment to the chivalric histories that dwelt in her memory. But she loved not the long, serpentine streams; they glittered not like the clear cascades of the valley; and the broad plain wearied her view, save when diversified by the lights and shades of the summer.

Early one morning, that she had remarked some beautiful unknown flowers below her bower, she had ventured to descend to cull them, when a youth, in hunting garb, precipitately crossed her path. Emma uttered an exclamation of surprise, and would have fled, but his words detained her. "Child!" cried he, "I have lost my way, can you not shew me the road to the Chateau de Lorméance?" She paused; "I have been residing but a few days at that castle," continued he; "it cannot be far off, but in hunting yesterday I strayed through these woods so heedlessly, that night came on ere I fruitlessly endeavoured to retrace my steps; having slept in this grot, the fresh air has given me, in good sooth, a keen appetite; so lead me at least to your father's cottage." "Wait but a moment," cried Emma; and she instantly tripped to her eyrie bower, and returned with her small basket of provisions for the stranger, and the favorite of her flock to supply him with a draught of milk. "My father is dead," she now said; "I live alone in his cottage, and until to-day have never descended the mountain even thus far; I cannot be your guide, but from my bower on the cliff, you can see a castle in the plain, perhaps the one you seek."

The singular grace and beauty of the peasant-girl, and the courteousness with which she offered her simple meal, strangely interested the young hunter; he seemed to look on her with surprise, as though she be-

longed to a new race of beings. On her part, Emma gazed as inquisitively, and noted that the stranger was tall and slender, his brows regular as if a care had never ruffled them, his eyes, large and dark, and full of soft light; and instead of thin gray hairs over his temples, like Roland's, close, thick curls of a hue as bright as her own, escaped from beneath his hunting cap. There was an enthusiastic fervour in his smile, that scarcely parted his ruddy lips, yet seemed to glow in every feature; and yet a certain serenity of countenance and dignity of mien were perceptible, that betokened the *preux chevalier* in the first dawn of his career, before the long usage of warfare has given him the fierceness of invincible strength, and the practice of the ways of the world lowered his lofty conceptions of his calling. All this formed a combination of beauty of appearance that might well have satisfied the fancy of wiser than Emma. He followed her to the cliff, and having thence ascertained his way homeward, said to her, "you are too lovely to remain here, the lonely and destitute being that you have confessed yourself; I shall make interest for you with my cousin, the Lady of Vauxel, who will take you into her household. Would you not prefer the shelter of yonder castle and the presence of an amiable mistress to these bleak hills and your solitary dwelling?" "No," replied Emma; "for my foster-father bade me ere he died, beware of strangers:" so saying, she darted from his side with the fleetness of the fawn, and was out of sight in a moment. Though astonished at her having evinced alarm at his generous proposal, the hunter was still more surprised on reflecting on the purity of her language, so unlike the coarse idiom of villagers, and the unwonted elegance of form clad in such simple apparel. He returned home, but day after day still turned his excursions to the same forest, in the hope of again missing his companions, and once more meeting the wood-nymph.

Meanwhile Emma, between the fears instilled by Roland and the instinct of the inexperienced heart that replies to every expression of kindness with its full confidence, remained distracted with varying conjectures, and from that day avoided the passage over the mountain. Averse, however, to indulge the thought that the handsome hunter, was a lawless noble, such as she believed had exposed her to destruction, and in whose power she was like the dove in the talons of the eagle, she was seated one morning lost in revery, on the mossy bank that overhung a slender rivulet, when the dimpling of the water that flashed back the sunlight, reminded her of his bright, sparkling eye. What, indeed, is more beautiful than the human eye, melting with pity, yet glow-

ing with the ecstasy of beneficence! "O I have wronged him," cried Emma; "surely it was not such as he that my father bade me shun!" "Thou sayest truly," answered the youth, who was standing at her side. She started and looked round; she was weeping, but even through her tears could distinguish the affectionate glance of commiseration and kindness, that met hers, only a little more vivid than recollection portrayed it. "Thou didst indeed say truly," repeated the youth, and took her hand. "Stay! and listen to me! my name is Sir Florestan d'Estrées, and I am sworn to protect the innocent and the oppressed; thy cause will I make mine, if thou wilt tell me by what machinations of the wicked thy youth and loveliness have been thus devoted to humble obscurity. I promise to guard and aid thee, on the word of a knight." "A knight art thou!" exclaimed Emma, "then art thou he for whom I wait! for Roland, my foster-father often assured me that some knight would deliver me from my enemies. Sit down till I tell thee how I was deserted, an outcast from my birth!" Sir Florestan listened to her story with intense interest; he perceived in it the verification of the extravagant fancies that had haunted him, the visions of a lover's brain, and which had already a hundred times painted to him the pastoral Emma, as one of noble blood, whose place was filled by some plebeian changeling, or as an unfortunate heiress of wealth and title, driven from her rights by the nefarious agency of interested villany. But she had scarcely closed her simple narrative of Roland's fatherly love and care, when the winding of a horn at the entrance of the valley warned the young knight that his companions must be on the very brink of discovering his Emma's retreat; waving his hand to her for farewell, he bounded up the mountain.

Emma was thrown by his sudden departure from the elevation of gratitude and joy, to a listless torpor, that void of heart, the forerunner of vague fears and sad dejection. She had remained riveted to the spot, gazing up the ravine, where he had dashed aside the branches of birch and ash, to hasten on, and while they still trembled and shook, the illusion of his presence had continued: but when the wind, commingling their boughs, swept down the hill their withering leaves into the brook, and ruffling the water rust in its shallow channel, darkened the wave; while a sudden cloud shut the sun from the chilling scene,—a vacuity seemed to surround her, a dreary loneliness that was insupportable. She arose, and hurrying along the path he had just trod, reached the bower on the cliff from which she could view the turrets of his baronial home. At that moment the blast of the horn that had summoned Sir Florestan arose a second time;

it rung loud and long, and broke into a wild flourish, such as the sportsman may give when the stag at bay is too desperate for his single hand to overcome. Such sounds had never before startled those glens and heights; and they seemed to summon human assistance with dreadful earnestness. Emma, impelled by strong solicitude and curiosity, followed the direction of the sound, and proceeded so far that she was lost in mazes that seemed endless. At last, on emerging from the covert she found herself, in an agony of disappointment, in a glade beside a lonely spring, whose small wave rippled and purled around a heap of gray stones, in which was planted a moss-grown cross; while there was not a vestige or trace near her to guide her search in the right direction. She flung herself beside the scanty fount, and had instinctively raised the cool water in her palm to her fainting brow, when her solitude was interrupted by the approach of an old man, who, having parted the light boughs that hid the road, entered on the lawn before her, and reverently approached the spring. He doffed his liveried cap, showing a bald head and a few silvered locks, and after crossing himself religiously, stooped to drink of the water, and perceived Emma, whom in his devotional abstraction he had overlooked before. He surveyed her, a moment, curiously and in silence, while she calmly averted her downcast face, and met his scrutiny with a mute and respectful expression of mein, which the aspect of one aged like Roland instantaneously produced in her manner. It confirmed the menial in the opinion that notwithstanding her beauty, she was a peasant; he was not accustomed to perceive his presence excite that deference in any but the ignoble. "And where are you from, child?" he asked at length; Emma gave the simple reply, "I tend a flock on the heights."—Hah then, well met! you save me a long, weary walk. The Lady de Vauxel, who is sickly and pining has been advised by the leech to drink of goat's milk from such as browse among the mountain-herbs, and—"mine," exclaimed Emma, excited by the mention of the Lady de Vauxel, "have never pastured elsewhere, and I will bring a ewer of milk to the Lady by dawn to-morrow. Which road leads to her castle ward?" "That seen through these trees." "Enough; I shall not fail," said Emma rising, "to come as I promised." And she began to return homeward animated with the hope of soon affording succour to one dear to Sir Florestan.

At an early hour next morning she had reached the gate of the castle de Lorméance, when the tramp of a steed over the drawbridge and the ringing of harness startled her with an indefinable fear. She raised her eyes and encountered those of a stout built, grim horseman, in half armour, who

paused an instant in his speed, fixing on her a broad, sudden stare, that petrified her with amaze and alarm. Muttering an imprecation, he however clapt spurs to his horse and passed on. While she yet trembled at the aspect of that ferocious and lawless bravo, a fair and tall lady, attended by a male and female companion, also issued from the moat, and came towards her. The lady on approaching her, addressed her kindly and with visible interest.—"Alice, nurse," said she, "take care of this milk for me, and O! Sir Prior," addressing the person beside her, "how it troubles my heart," said she, "to find in that peasant's face so great a resemblance to thy departed brother!" He to whom she spake, a low-browed, crafty priest, answered with a sinister contortion of visage, which he meant for archness, "My lady, there is nothing I believe unnatural in that; come, come, (he added) you have walked long enough in this bracing air for an invalid." And taking her arm in his, he would have hurried her along, but the lady coldly rejected the offered service, and silently placing a silver piece in the hand of Emma, bent her slow steps homeward by the side of her maid.

The next morning Emma was again at the gate of the castle, but as she entered the court-yard, perceived domestics hurrying to and fro, and messengers entering and departing in precipitate haste. She asked for Alice, and that personage, a spare tender-hearted, mercurial, little woman, hurried with tears in her eyes to Emma. "Fly, fly!" cried she, "my mistress is dying; Black Morghen is here, the Prior mistrusts thee, and Sir Florestan was suddenly summoned away last night to the camp of the Regent Baldwin: ah! fly, fly! or you will be the sufferer." Waving her hand for farewell, she gave an order to a valet, and darted into the hall, just as it was crossed by Morghen. Emma saw him—the ewer escaped from her hands, she turned and fled. She soon heard behind her thick steps, shouts and cries of "stop the traitress, stop the run-away!" She had scarcely time to suppose herself pursued, before she was surrounded by five or six men-at-arms, who rudely seized her, and bore her back, screaming with affright, into the presence of Morghen, and the Prior, who with stern and appalling severity, and expressions of abhorrence, bade them convey her to the keep and confine her in a dungeon cell. The order was obeyed immediately; and to all her entreaties to know of what she stood accused, she met no return save scornful sneers, or the mandate to keep silence. Day after day rolled on, and she was often haunted by the dread idea that she was doomed to expiate in perpetual imprisonment her neglect of the warning words of Roland. At such

times, the air within those walls seemed to grow dense and dark, and an unaccountable awe to weigh on her spirits; the flagged floor struck a chill to her heart, and the dreary silence of the prison suggested images of desertion and death that drove her to seek refuge in prayer, till broken slumbers settled on her weeping eyes. Seven days had passed without a sound saluting her, save the unbarring of her door to place the pittance of bread and water beside her, when, on the night of the eighth, a light tapping was heard at the door of the cell. "Who knocks," she cried—the friendly voice of Alice answered, "Have patience and keep heart, child! yet a little longer; the wars in rebel Gascony are over, the king returns through our province, and Sir Florestan with him. The Lady de Vauxel is better, but let none know what I have told you, or 'twill be my ruin. Farewell, I've braved every hazard to speak with you." Emma had not even time to thank Alice, ere she had departed; but she thanked her in spirit; she rose from her pallet, her bosom throbbing with exultation, and approaching the grated soupirail, gazed on the brown tops of the distant mountains, and the clouds travelling over the dark sky, flying fast, and faintly lighted by the crescent moons; "Ye are not more free," she cried, "than I shall soon be; let but my sworn knight touch the threshold of this castle, and this durance shall melt from me like a dream!"

Early next morning she perceived an unwonted stir and tumult in the prison, and voices issuing indistinct commands: the sounds grew nearer. "God be thanked! they come to free me," she said, and darted to the door. It rolled on its hinges, and armed men entered. In vain she sought to distinguish among them a familiar face.—"Manacle the prisoner," ordered one. "Never fear," replied another, "there's no chance of a rescue methinks." Emma had expected Florestan, and found herself in the midst of guards; she had counted on liberty, and was instead to be loaded with chains. But, strong in the pride of innocence, she calmly repulsed with her hand the first that touched her, and addressing the rest with mild dignity, exclaimed, "Why employ force against one so weak and so defenceless? whither would you lead me?" "To Vic-le-Comte, to stand your trial before your judge." "Proceed then and I shall follow you; the Almighty, a greater judge than he, will not desert my cause." The men-at-arms looked in each other's faces a moment irresolutely, then making a sign for her to follow, silently descended to the court. There, placing her in the midst, they shaped their course to the capital.—After a tedious journey of several hours, in which they rode swiftly on, discoursing only

in whispers as they stole furtive glances at their prisoner, they entered the town of Vic-le-Comte. Emma had scarcely gazed with wonder at the populous street with its busy throngs, before a crowd pressed around her, and she heard repeated on all sides, "so young, so lovely, and so depraved!" "Alas! I am innocent," was her mental reply; but to meet reproach on every tongue, and contempt in every eye, so agitated and distressed her, that to the common observer she seemed overwhelmed by the trepidation of conscious guilt. At the gate of the Palace of Justice, she was given up to the civil authorities and introduced into the Council hall. At the head of this apartment a venerable old man in scarlet and white robes, was seated on a high tribunal, surrounded by counsellors and auditors. It was the County Auvergne; at his right hand was the Prior de Simiane; a shudder of rage and hate crossed his frame, whenever his eye fell on the accused, who was placed apart while the witnesses were sworn to declare the truth. The hall was crowded with spectators, who witnessed the preparatory ceremonies with impatience, and waited in breathless silence, until the County, rising, had called the prisoner to appear at the bar. Their surprise increased when a slender girl, dressed in the peasant's costume of hoddengray, advanced and casting her hood and cloak aside, showed thick clustering locks of bright brown resting on a pure white neck and brow, a face beaming with simplicity and innocence, though pale with grief, and eyes whose mildness might have melted the fiercest to pity. "From what part of our province are you?" interrogated the County, as he surveyed her with grave compassion. "I lived in the valley beyond the mountains." "And your father's name?" "I know not; I am a foundling, and owe my preservation to a good mountaineer who was a father to me, and taught me to act uprightly." "What were your motives or inducements then, (alas for such early iniquity!) to poison the Lady de Vauxel of the Castle-ward of Lorméance." Emma recoiled with horror. "O Roland, my father, my father, you said truly that there were evil ones in the world! My lord, I am innocent." "I have proofs that are unquestionable," said the Prior de Simiane, "and the motives of her crime are known. That insidious, young peasant had seduced the affections of Sir Florestan the heir-at-law of the name and lands of Lorméance. I can bring witnesses of his having spoken of her with the greatest warmth to the Lady de Vauxel, and even proposed introducing her into her household. Far from me be the thought of criminating Sir Florestan: indeed an evidence of his innocence may be found in the very crime itself; it was un-

doubtedly committed by one, ignorant that I have been designated heir by the testament of my sister-in-law, the Lady de Vauxel. But that artful paramour flattered herself with the expectation of being married to Sir Florestan, and taking the place of his unfortunate relative." "Believe him not," cried Emma: "could Sir Florestan be the accomplice of a crime? My lord, I am innocent." The Prior confronting the accused with a stern stare, exclaimed, "and what next wilt thou say when I produce this ewer in which you brought the milk, with the dregs of the poison still within it? Let Alice be called." The old nurse came with a hasty, but tottering step, and bursting into tears replied to the interrogations, that the vase was hers, though she knew nothing of the poison. "Alice," cried the prisoner, "why deceive, why feign? The ewer is mine; I dropped it in the court of the Castle on hearing the dreadful news of my lady's illness. Of the poison I know nothing." "My Lord," said the Prior, "you hear her confess herself the owner of the vase?" "And I beheld her with my own eyes pour the poison therein!" said a voice, at the bare sound of which Emma trembled; she turned her head fearfully round and recognised Morghen, the one who had cursed her on her first approach to the Castle. She turned pale and her heart died within her; her fate seemed inevitable. "My lord," said the Prior, "witness and proof, all even to the confusion of the accused, unite against her. In the name of the long friendship that has subsisted between us, punish this iniquitous deed! My sister-in-law is in the lingering agonies of a slow and cruel death; in her name I call for vengeance on her assassin!" "Since it must be so," said the County, with a tremulous voice, "since the crime is proved and the law commands the punishment, the accused, for practising on the life of the Lady de Vauxel with deadly simples, must be burned alive at the stake in three days, if within that time she do not establish her innocence."

The firmness with which Emma nobly bore up against the cruel decree, joined to her youth and her beauty, so strongly interested every spectator, that though the doors of the hall were thrown open for the egress of the crowd, not one had yet stirred to depart, and all seemed in suspense of some mitigation of the sentence; when a knight who, with visor down had listened intently to the whole prosecution, now approached the judgment-seat, and drawing from his scarf a packet sealed with the royal signet, raised his beaver and thus addressed the County. "My lord, infamous culamniators have insulted innocence with accusations which I cannot overpower by positive proofs.

To heaven only is the culprit known, heaven only can mark him out. I had laid this case before the king, and he permits it to be finally adjudged by the judicial ordeal; and I, Sir Florestan d'Estrées, declare myself the champion of the accused. Liar and dastard that thou art," said he, addressing the Prior, "name a champion to answer for the evidence thou hast this day given, and thank heaven for thy station, which protects thy caitiff person from my hand." Then casting his glove at his feet, he added, "if there be any one so fool-hardy as to support perjury and villany with the venture of life and limb, let him raise that gauntlet, if he will, and I shall do battle with him, with the fearful odds against him of the justice of God and this right arm." "Audacious prater," answered the Prior, with white cheek and quivering lip, "the valiant Morghen will support his friend's cause." "Ah Sir Florestan," said Emma, "that thou knowest me innocent of this charge is enough; risk not thy precious life for one so friendless and so valueless!" "Fear not for me," sweet Emma, he answered, "the judicial trial will lay bare more than one secret iniquity." "My lord," he added to the County, "the young king will arrive here to-morrow with his preceptor, the Count of Flanders; it is he who will preside over the lists." "Sir Florestan," replied Auvergne, "this order is balm to my heart; that prisoner I grieved to condemn, and over the lists where the honour of my friend is attacked, I wish not to preside; I shall cheerfully give place to the Count of Flanders, and go to prepare for the reception of my sovereign." And having given orders that Alice and Emma should be accommodated in his palace, he dissolved the session.

The next day the king arrived at Vic-le-Comte. Workmen had been previously busily employed, the lists were enclosed, and the barriers and balconies prepared. The County Auvergne led his youthful prince to a temporary throne erected for him; and the ladies of the court, and spectators from far and near thronged to the galleries.—Alone at the head of the lists, in the midst of armed guards who kept at a respectful distance, was Emma, awaiting the award of that day's encounter. Clothed in white and pale as her drapery, she sat with upraised eyes and clasped hands, motionless as a statue. At the appointed hour Sir Florestan descended from his charger and crossed the arena. Morghen, in complete armour, on a strong steed, entered the barrier at the same moment; with a slight inclination of his head to the king, he gave a bold gaze at the circle of spectators, and dismounting, threw the reins to his squire. He advanced to the side of Sir Florestan; to each a second was allotted by the king, and by these they

were led to the scaffold, where were seated the judges and the marshal of the field. A venerable ecclesiastic now approaching, painted to them both in energetic colours, the consequences of a false oath, and tendered them a volume of the Holy Gospels, which each, kneeling, pressed to his lips. Sir Florestan then made oath three several times, that he whom he accused was veritably guilty of calumny and perjury. Morghen swore thrice also that his accuser was a traitor and perjurer, and lied to the throat. Each declared too, that he had used no necromantic arts and wore no charmed herb or amulet. These ceremonies concluded, they descended and mounted their horses; the marshal of the field threw down the steel glove, the signal of battle, and the herald cried, "God wills, the king allows, let the combatants start."

They had in the mean time galloped their horses each to a different end of the lists, and now turning, rushed to meet each other with furious impetuosity; their lances were shivered to the grasp, and each drawing back from the violence of the shock, gave his horse breath, and unsheathed his sword. They joined again, and Sir Florestan, who knew the immense strength of his antagonist, directed his whole attention to the deceiving and eluding his strokes: he wheeled his courser with such admirable dexterity and parried the blows with such decision and address, that the superiority of the strength of his enemy was lost in superfluous and ineffectual efforts; and Morghen perceived that his wily adversary, flushed with confidence, and unexhausted by his preceding manœuvres on the defensive, was about to take advantage of his impatient fury. Aiming more steadily, therefore, he struck at the sword of Sir Florestan, and shivered that good blade into a thousand pieces. A faint cry of despair broke from many of the spectators, but was hushed in a moment; for the laws forbade any sound or noise that might advise the combatants or take their attention. A noble who should infringe this regulation would lose his horse, and a yeoman would lose an ear or a hand: such were the customs of the times.

Sir Florestan parried one thrust with his broken sword, and spurring his horse, rode rapidly away a few paces until he could disengage his battle-axe from his belt; as suddenly returning on his pursuer, he rose in his stirrups as he passed him in mid career, and dealt him with all his force such a blow on the casque, that it divided both steel and bone. Blinded with the blood and reeling with the shock, Morghen made a violent and useless pass at his enemy, which brought himself to the ground. He was thrown ahead of his horse, at full length, and the restive animal, snorting,

passed over him, and buried its hoofs in his side. Sir Florestan sprang from the saddle, and placed his foot on the neck of the prostrate and weltering wretch. "Confess, while thou hast yet breath!" cried he. "Yes, I poured the poison," said the dying man; "I would have murdered, at the instigation of the Prior de Simiane, that unfortunate Lady de Vauxel whom I had already deprived of her child. I was not then so hardened as to kill the innocent babe; I left it where I deemed it might be found by shepherds"—"On the summit of the gray mountains to the north?" exclaimed Sir Florestan. "Even so," answered the dying knight. "The resemblance of the peasant Emma racked us with suspicions, and I agreed for half the estate of Lorméance to make away with its mistress, and swear to the agency of Emma. Let the Prior, who instead of counselling me to virtue, shared my orgies, answer for my lost soul!—*ora pro me*," murmured he, and with a groan his spirit fled. The heralds and officers of the field who had gathered round to take his deposition, cast grateful glances to heaven for the justice of his end, and resumed their places, while the marshal of the day ordered the common hangman to be summoned to drag his vile clay on a hurdle to the gibbet. Emma was next proclaimed innocent, according to the usual formalities; but her place was unoccupied; it was enough for her to have seen the terrible Morghen felled to the earth, and her lover alight unharmed. She was transported aside by attendants, and Alice hailed her reviving senses with the greeting of "The child of my mistress! the Countess Emma de Vauxel." When the victor Sir Florestan was presented to the young king, he led him to Emma, a peasant and a prisoner no longer, and said, "this lady, an orphan heiress, is my ward; but beauty and innocence should be ever the meed of valor; and knowing thy heart, Sir Florestan, I cannot but hope that Emma de Vauxel will be willing to discharge the obligations of Emma the Foundling."

Some time after, when the Lady de Vauxel had happily recovered from the effects of the deadly drugs that had been administered to her for her destruction, and when the Prior de Simiane, degraded from his dignities and confined in the cloisters of an ascetic order, was expiating his crime in sackcloth and ashes; Emma, restored to her mother, to her estate, and to her full fame, gave her hand to Sir Florestan d'Estrées. The lovers jointly erected a chapel over the grave of Roland; and the cottage in the valley was often the favourite termination of the rambles of the proud, noble Sir Florestan, and his Countess d'Estrées.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

CELTIC SKETCHES.

No. 1.

It were well if some of our tour-writing authors were overtaken by the storms, and compelled to winter in the remote glens of Caledonia; because otherwise they can have no idea of the heart and hilarity which exist among the Celtic population; or that a people, who are so plain in their exterior, and so humble in their dwellings, can be so gleesome and so gay. In the proudest squares of the metropolis, even when fashionable society is at the very swell and top of its tide, I do not think it comes at all up to what I have seen and mingled with, in a lonely valley in the remote north. With every one there, the summer is, indeed, a season of labour; and the coming of winter is a period when the fury of every species of storm rages to an extent hardly known in the south. Winds sweep along with fearful celerity; the rains roll a cataract down every slope, swell every brook to a river, and cover every piece of level ground like a sea; and then the chilling frosts over the moistened land, produce a cold which is biting indeed. But the snow comes; and though its first coming darkens the air, nearly buries the houses, and where the people are unprovident, destroys great part of their stock; yet the snow is a signal of peace to the elements. It spreads its white covering over the earth, acquires the consistency of marble, and the brilliance of crystal; and forms a channel of communication in places which were hardly possible during the summer's drought.

Then comes the season of Highland festivity: the whole respectable inhabitants of the glen meet at one house; the men spend the mornings in the invigorating sports of the field, and the women in rehearsing the music and practising the smiles which are to enliven the evening. Feast, and song, and dance, in which all are happy; in which the friend meets his friend, the lover meets his mistress, and beloved companions in arms recount their battles, and companions in arts their exploits and successes, make the night alternately gay with pleasure and giddy joy. But there is nothing to embitter either the physical or the moral cup; and after the repose of a night, in their keen and invigorating air, they rise in the morning, glowing with new life, and nerved for fresh exercise, and fresh pleasure. It continues till the first family have completed their days of entertainment, and then the

whole colony proceed to the second. Here similar scenes are enacted; and the succession is kept up until every house has had its share of the joyous intercourse, and they all return to their houses without a sting of disappointment, or a pang of remorse.

It is to this winter hospitality that many of the peculiarities of the Celts are to be traced. Hence their strong attachment to each other, and to the mountains and glens of their nativity. They do not love those mountains because they are bleak, or those glens because they are cold and remote; but, because they have enjoyed in them a fulness and a freshness of pleasure, which the more formal and fashionable world has not to give. Hence they are generous to prodigality, because when they were at home, giving and receiving followed one another as necessarily and as closely as purchasing and paying do in the world of merchants. Hence they fire like touchwood at whatever strikes them as mean and insulting, because at home among themselves, all is generosity and friendship.—Hence their love of legends, because with these the elder people, whose limbs are stiffened from the dance, beguile the time to themselves, and occasionally enliven it to the young. Hence their love of songs and of music, because in a society where every one is intimately known, there can be no prying and scandal, those favourite pursuits of more retired and solitary families. Hence, also, their dislike of most other nations, whom they find do not requite the advances of their hospitality, as these were required at home.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN EMERY.

WHEN the late Mr. Emery first played the character of Robert Tyke, in the School of Reform, the public was completely taken by surprise. Very few persons knew the extent of his talents; in what is theatrically termed serious business; and his correct and effective delineation of the character was a theme of universal admiration. With persons who had seen Emery's performance in comedy, no idea could be formed of the impressive and forceful manner in which many of his scenes and sentences were given: and the character of the incorruptible, but tender-hearted sentinel, in Pizzaro, which he played, was never more effectively portrayed. One evening Pizzaro was advertised, and the audience having waited beyond the usual time for the curtain to rise, became impatient; when at length an actor came forward, and informed the audience, that in consequence of the absence of a prin-

principal performer, they were obliged to request a few minutes longer indulgence. The actor was scarcely off the stage when Mr. John Kemble, dressed for Rolla, stalked on, and said—"Ladies and Gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you, that the person alluded to is Mr. Emery!" The House received this explanation without any expression of disappointment, or otherwise. Scarcely had Mr. Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great-coat, dirty boots, and face red with haste, and wet with perspiration, on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect—"Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the first time I have had occasion to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, when I am sure I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant assemblage. Ladies (for you I must particularly address) my wife!"—and here the poor fellow's feelings almost overcame him—"my wife was but an hour since brought to bed, and I"—thunders of applause interrupted the apology, "and I ran for the doctor." "You've said enough!" exclaimed a hundred tongues. "I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew she was safe." "Bravo, Emery, you've said enough!" was re-echoed from all parts of the house. Emery was completely overpowered; and after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the house.

The play proceeded without interruption, but it appeared that Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble, for in that scene before the prison scene, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue:—

Rolla.—"Have you a wife?"

Sentinel.—"I have."

Rolla.—"Children?"

Sentinel.—"I had two this morning—I have got three now."

Loud applause followed this retaliation, which continued so long, that the entire effect of the scene was lost; and Mr. Kemble, after waiting some time in awkward confusion, terminated it by abruptly rushing into the prison.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

CONVERSATIONES AT DR. MITCHILL'S.
Woodward's Supplement to his Classification of the Objects of Human Knowledge.

Tallahapsee, Middle Florida, Jan. 8, 1825.

SIR,—Walking, recently, in the midst of

fever and hurricane, my thoughts were turned on you, and on your endeavours to do good to mankind.

It is already known to you, that a long time since I had divided the whole of human knowledge into provinces, classes, orders, and specific sciences; and those specific sciences again into their appropriate provinces, classes, orders, and specific objects.

I feel it to be my duty, at some time, to give to the world the classification of botanical objects, according to the principles of the *epistemic* system; by which name I would express the enterprise in view. The reasons, principally, are, that the botanical arrangement is entirely new; that it will, perhaps, be regarded as original; that it is agreeable to the order of nature; and that it absorbs the whole of the Linnæan classification, by converting its substances into adjectives, thus losing none of the labors of that distinguished naturalist. If left to my choice, I would select Boston for this operation. It requires sound and diffusive classical information, in order to go along with the nomenclature. In that quarter of our empire, this species of learning has been cultivated for a longer period, and to a greater extent, than elsewhere.

There are many reasons for preferring the City of New-York for the medical sciences. I will not particularize them, lest I should give unnecessary offence. But I will make a candid advance to conciliate its good-will, by enclosing to you, for publication, in such manner as you may deem expedient, a classification and nomenclature of a particular society of diseases, that of fevers; and subjecting them to the generous criticisms of a community so enlightened and so courteous.

I do great violence to my feelings, and am very sensible of the great risk I run, in submitting such a classification and nomenclature without explanation, and without comment. Yet my judgment dictates that this, for the present, will be the best course.

The day is not distant when the physician shall obtain the mastery over those tremendous and fatal fevers, which desolate our southern latitudes; and, when that day shall arrive, it will grace your well-earned and justly merited fame, that you were so early and so persevering a labourer in producing the happy result. Yet much observation,

and some of it from the field of battle, will still be requisite.

From a comparison of the hour, when the late hurricane assailed Darien in Georgia, with that at which it struck me, in South Carolina, and of the distance of places, I infer that it travelled at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

The great heave, so to speak, which the earth, and its appendages, sustain, at the autumnal equinox, in particular, deserves a more nice investigation than has been, hitherto, bestowed. The agriculture of the United States, and their scientific advances, would indeed derive benefit from a flora, and a comparison of atmospheric appearances, of more practical utility than have yet been devised. I notice, with cordial ap-

probation, the continued exertions of our mutual friend, Mr. Rafinesque. It will give some surprise to the inhabitants of the north to be informed, that on the day on which I write, in this genial and benignant clime, maize and the fig are maturing, strawberries and tobacco are in full blossom, and lettuce and other productions of the garden are abundant. It may be added that, throughout this whole region, uninterrupted health has prevailed.

I have the honor to be, sir, with assurance of increasing esteem, respect and attachment, your sincere friend and obedient servant,

A. B. WOODWARD.

Hon. S. L. MITCHILL, M. D.
New-York.

A Classification and Nomenclature of the Diseases having Relation to Fever, according to the Principles of the Epistemic System.

I.	I.	I.	
	I. Pyrica.	I. Apyrhectica.	{ 1. 1. Euthanasia. 2. 2. Apyrhexia.
		II.	{ 1. 3. Pyrhexia. 2. 4. Mesopyria. 3. 5. Hypopyria. 4. 6. Pyropyria.
		II. Pyrhectica.	
		III.	{ 1. 7. Catarrhia. 2. 8. Entèropyria. 3. 9. Cholapyria. 4. 10. Typhopyria. 5. 11. Icteropyria. 6. 12. Lœmopyria.
		III. Lœmopyrica.	
		IV.	{ 1. 13. Toxicopyria. 2. 14. Sympyria.
		IV. Sympyrica.	

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.

MARQUIS D'ARGENS

Phenomena, and general view of the Earth.

STANDING on the equator, the observer of nature sees the sun rise at times to the north and at times to the south of east: twice in the year, he sees it ascend directly from the east, climb the flaming vault with speed, hang exactly over his head at noon when his body casts no shadow, and set in the west at night. He sees his own shadow at noon-day extended alternately six months

towards the north and six towards the south. He looks upon the heavens at night, and sees from the east star after star rapidly ascending to the zenith, and as rapidly plunging down the west. On each side of these cardinal points he sees the orbs in motion describing arcs all parallel to one another, and diminishing in the rapidity and extent of their march as they increase in distance. He turns his eye to the north, and far off on the verge of the horizon he sees a solitary star, which is ever in the same place, while all the others are ever in motion. After an observation of all these appearances presented to his eye by day and by night, he leaves his equatorial station and travels northward.

He stops on reaching the temperate zone. He beholds the sun at morning climbing the sky obliquely, towards the south, and descending at night towards the north. He contemplates the evening sky, and observes some of the stars describing similar oblique paths from their rising to their setting, and others which never rise nor set. The solitary and constant star which he saw before on the distant line of the horizon, has changed its situation, and has ascended towards the zenith, but it is still fixed and motionless with regard to the other orbs. The observer again moves northward and reaches the pole of the earth. Here again changes await him. The sun crosses "earth's central line," rolls completely round the horizon every twenty-four hours, for six successive months and then disappears. A night of as many months succeeds. That steady and unchanging star is now directly above the observer's head, and those rapid lights that he saw from his first position rising in the east and crossing his zenith, are now wheeling round the horizon once in twenty-four hours without rising or setting for the remainder of the year. All the stars between that of the pole, and those of the equinoctial, are describing circles parallel to the latter, and smaller as they approximate to the former, all in equal times, neither rising nor setting, during this six month's night, and the pivot upon which they all turn is that stationary star.

Let us place the observer again in the equatorial regions. At noon-day he casts his eyes to the earth, and sees that his form is nearly shadowless, though he leave the shade of the majestic palm and the gigantic fig-tree enwreathed with the bright-leaved *bauhinea*, and the golden-flowered *banisteria*, and stand in the open light of day. He again directs his footsteps northward and sees his shadow extending visibly over the vineyards of southern Europe, still increasing over the grain and cornfields further onward, and at last stealing along like a dark and spectral giant over the snowy wastes of the pole. While he is passing through all these parallels he will daily observe that at the moments of sun-rising and sun-setting, his shadow is equally long at all places, between those moments it gradually decreases until noon, and increases until sunset.

Carry him once more to the tropical regions. Let him next observe the seasons and climates with all their differences and peculiari-

ties. His year is divided into two seasons, distinguished by rain and drought, not by heat and cold. The air is serene, the waves tranquil, the earth bountiful, and all the lights of heaven pure and brilliant. The cane, the date, the nutmeg, the cinnamon spring in spontaneous profusion around him, the trees are laden with exquisite fruits, and the wind burthened with spicy odours. Above his head the Bird of Paradise and the graceful Loris spread their golden wings, while around him the lion, the elephant, the panther, and the leopard are ranging through their burning domains. All that he beholds is majestic and imposing ;

"And all, save the spirit of *man*, is divine." Sunk in effeminate indolence and moral turpitude, this lord of earth whiles away his hours, and when roused to action, it is only to commit deeds of darkness and blood. Genius disdains to repose in his sun-bright bowers, and heroism, fortitude, generosity, and justice scorn to inhabit his dishonorable breast.

The observer now crosses the tropic, and rests in the temperate zone. Here a succession of four seasons variegate the year. Neither the heat of summer nor the cold of winter is intense, and the growth of spring, and the decay of autumn, are perceptible and gentle. The vine and the lemon, the orange and the mulberry tree cover the plains with their fruits, the maple and the elm, the cedar and the cypress spread their dense shades on the earth, the stately pine stands proudly on the mountains, and the majestic oak outlives many generations of man. The swallow and the stork perform their annual migrations through the air, and the albatross laves her plumage in the ocean. The chamois bounds over the tops of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Carpathian; the Dromedary, *the ship of the desert*, traverses the plains of Egypt and Barbary, the light-footed antelope scours the uplands of Tartary, and the bright-eyed gazelle wanders on the hills of Caucasus. The nature of man partakes the spirit of his Creator: his passions bridled by reason, lead him to great and glorious deeds, and his heart is the home of high, generous, and honorable feelings.

Let the traveller once more advance into the polar climates. The faint and ineffectual rays of the sun fall parallelly upon him, im-

parting to the objects around a dim light and short-lived animation. Lichens and mosses flourish in their brief hour of verdure, and the traveller must stoop to touch the tops of the highest trees, the birch and the willow. The lapponic owl builds her nest on the snowy hills, and the un-winged penguin inhabits the cold waters. The rapid reindeer ranges round the pole, and the white bear sails on his iceberg from coast to coast. When the long day has declined on these hyperborean regions, and the night of winter has begun, the spectator beholds new and astonishing phenomena. He frequently sees during this winter a dark cloud resting on the horizon, and pouring forth purple, and red, and golden rays: they become brighter and brighter, flashing across one another towards the zenith, and forming above his head the brilliant crown of the Aurora Borealis. "In these blood-stained and fiery meteors," says M. Malte-brun, "what poet is there who could not discover the shades of warriors, who, once conquerors of the earth and now rulers of the air, stoop from the clouds to behold the combats of their posterity? Are not those pale and soft lights, the daughters of heroes, who, cut down in the early bloom of their beauty, now float on the wings of the wind? We hear their sighs and the rustling of their resplendent robes; and we see rising towards the zenith and assembling on every side, the luminous columns of the wandering palace of departed spirits." In this inhospitable clime, the nature of man resembles that of the soil. Miserable, degraded, and brutal, the shivering native is alike destitute of the ardour of passion, and the moderation of reason. His rough and dwarfish form is forsaken by genius, taste, and noble feeling, and even the evil passions spurn and abandon so foul an abode.

"Talīs Hyperboreo septem subjecta trioni
Gens effrena virum Riphæo tunditur Euro
Et pecudum fulvis velantur corpora setis."*

*Virgil.

B.

The following periodical works are now published in the Netherlands:—

1. Patriotic Literary Exercises. This work, of which a monthly part of not less than 100 pages in octavo is published, is one of the best periodical works of the kingdom, in regard to all the concerns of national literature. 2. Magazine of the

Sciences, Arts, and Letters. The goodness of this work has been long recognised in Holland. It treats principally of civil and political history, the natural sciences, the Belles Lettres, &c.; and it has always been edited by savans and writers of the first order. 3. Monthly Essay, treating of Literature in general. 4. Journal of National and Foreign Literature. Its principal object is to detail the state of literature generally, as well in foreign countries as in the Netherlands. 5. Journal of Health. This publication sometimes contains interesting articles relative to the preservation of health; and the practice of the art of curing. 6. Medical Miscellany; published by the society *Arti Salutiferi*. This is an interesting collection for experimental medicine: it is chiefly devoted to medical practice. 7. Hippocratic Magazine; edited by Doctors Sander and Wachter. This work, edited by two well-informed medical men, is a precious depot of medical practice, to which it is devoted. A great number of enlightened physicians contribute to it the fruits of their experience and reflection. 8. Catholic Bibliotheca for the kingdom of the Netherlands. There are besides a dozen others of equal importance.

THE GRACES.

LEISURE HOURS.

No. I.

FOND OF DANCING.—An officer, who was quartered in a country town, being once asked to a ball, was observed to sit *in sullen sort* in a corner for some hours. One of the ladies present being desirous of rousing him from his reverie, accosted him with, "Pray, sir, are you not fond of dancing?"—"I am very fond of dancing, Madam," was the reply, "Then why not ask some of the ladies that are disengaged to be your partner, and strike up?" "Why, Madam, to be frank with you, I do not see one handsome woman in the room." The lady, making a slight courtesy, left him, and went to her companions, who asked her what had been her conversation with the captain. "It was too good to be repeated in prose," said she, "lend me a pencil, and I will try to give you an outline in rhyme."

"So, sir, you rashly vow and swear,
You'll dance with none that are not fair.
Suppose we women should dispense
Our hands to none but men of sense?"
"Suppose! well, Madam, pray what then?"
"Why, sir, you'd never dance again."

OPPORTUNITY.—A few years previous to the French revolution, a young lady, an orphan, of the age of seventeen, who was

very rich, was married to a young man without fortune. They had lived in the most perfect happiness; and it was with the utmost astonishment that their neighbours and friends heard of their intending, by mutual agreement, to take advantage of the new law of divorce; but their surprise was still greater when, two or three days after, they saw them married to each other again. The reason was, that the young lady's guardians had only consented to the first union on condition that the lady's whole fortune should be secured to her; so that the husband could not engage in any beneficial use of the capital. The marriage was dissolved by the revolutionary law of divorce, and the lady, being made mistress of her fortune, by being of age, she proved her liberality and gratitude by making her husband master of her whole property.

LADY'S DRESS.—Let simplicity be your white, chastity your vermilion; dress your eye-brows with modesty, and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your earrings, and a ruby cross the front pin in your head. Submission to your husband is your best ornament. Employ your hands in housewifery, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be made of the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity, and the purple of chastity.

TOM MARTIN'S QUIET WIFE.—The second wife of Tom Martin, the antiquary, was one evening reprimanding him severely. Tom heard her very patiently, and coolly wishing her a good night, said to her, "Madam, I will for once in my life have to say, that I have lain with a quiet wife;" and he immediately went and lay in the church porch, where his first wife was buried.

THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—Writers differ on what fruit it was that Adam ate in Paradise. Some say it was an apple, others, who are fond of sweet fruits, say it was a fig; while others, who are partial to acid, contend that it was citron. Rabbi Solomon is of opinion that Moses concealed the real name of the fruit, fearful it would be detested by all the world, and that no one would ever taste it. With due submission to *rabbinical* opinions, we must differ from the learned *Israelite*; for it appears to us, that if the fruit were known, more would be eaten of it than of any other.

Two young ladies were on their way to the theatre of the Porte St. Martin.—Oh, heavens! said one of them, I must go back, I have forgot to bring my handkerchief.—Oh, come along, said her companion, smiling, we shall be let off this evening without crying.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 22. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MISNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Exile of Alleghany, or National Gratitude; An American Tale.*—(Original.)

THE TRAVELLER.—*Celtic Sketches, No. II.*
THE DRAMA.—*New-York and Paris Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Recollections of Samuel Foote.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notice of New Publications.*

THE GRACES.—*Calendar—March.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*A short Dissertation on Long Noses. Importance of Wigs.*

POETRY.—*The Grave; by "J. G. B."*—*Stanza to B; by "J. B.;"* and other pieces.

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

A stone, weighing several tons, and so nearly poised as to be easily rocked by one person, has been lately discovered on Ascutney mountain, in the town of Windsor, Vt.

Two veins of bituminous coal have been discovered in the Pokano mountain, 9 miles above Harrisburg, (Penn.) within 5 miles of the Susquehanna, and only a mile distant from Stony creek.

A gold mine has been discovered on the land of Mr. Barringer, near the source of Long Creek, (N. C.) It was found on the side of a hill, between two strata of slate-stone, and consists of a mixture of gold dust and sand.

Several articles of furniture were lately exhibited at Pensacola, manufactured out of the red bay-wood of Florida, one of the most abundant productions of the soil, which it is said may challenge comparison with articles made of the real mahogany.

MARRIED,

Mr. L. Cortelyou to Miss E. Heekle.
Mr. J. Porter to Miss A. M. Phillips.
Rev. L. S. Ives to Miss R. S. Hobart.
Mr. M. Moore to Miss C. Moore.

DIED,

Mr. W. Jones, aged 21 years.
Mrs. Ann Dias.
Mrs. M. O'Donnell, aged 102 years.
Sarah Bruce, aged 68 years.
Mrs. M. Romain, aged 94 years.
Mr. W. McPherson, aged 73 years.
Mrs. E. Amenhauzer, aged 68 years.
Mr. F. L. V. Vultee, aged 47 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

A DITTY. TO —.

AND must I waste my years,
Pining like vernal flower 'neath chilling rain,
All drooping with cold tears,
And bending wan as its delicate colours wane?

'Tis even thus,—I know
This patient grief it is that blights my hours;
They once were wont to flow,
Developing hopes, as the season of spring the flowers.

—Thy star of destiny,
Genius of thy bright fate, or thine, thine own,
I must not look to be,
Therefore I weep,—yet ask I solace of none!

Oh I have wished—how oft
And fondly! would I were of that gentle race,
Who, poets say, aloft
Walk with invisible feet the azure space;

Who viewlessly hither float, [sleep,
Through night's smooth darkness moving stealthy as
Till morning's clarion note
Calls them on high their watch o'er the dawn to keep.

Oh then to thee my sprite
Would haste as the dove that flieth on homeward wing,
And thou the speed of my flight,
Wouldst deem the fluttering quest of the airs of spring.

When panting, hurried, they come,
Pioneers of the sweet South, ere he takes his way
From his distant tropic home,
In triumph to bring the summer's rejoicing day.

It were such bliss to gaze,
Love without fear indulged in the bosom's beating,
And brave the dazzling rays
Of those bright eyes which now I shrink from meeting!

And when deep slumber stole
Over thy senses, so that thou couldst not feel
The fraud of this fond soul,
On thy passive lips my vassalage vow to seal!

Then sad to be so weak,
For one who loves me not, I would cast aside
Such gentleness, and seek
High counsel and firm resolve of a spirit's pride.

Yet once would I turn again,
And over thy temples with airy finger trace,
Spell-words of dreams, and then
Secure of thy blissful rest depart the place.

I would lead thee on quiet eves,
Where the high moon's light, into some forest glade,
Streams through the aspen leaves,
That tremble and checker the spot with scattered shade.

Along the moss reclined,
Thou wouldst watch her orb awhile and drink her beams;
Anon thy pensive mind
Would drearily turn its thoughts unto wildering dreams.

Thoughts that exert their strength,
Like the ostrich tiring o'er wastes of the burning sand;
And when I saw thee at length,
By thy secret heart and reason at strife, unmann'd,

'Twere mine to give thee relief!
The air should teem with the fresh, wild scent that flows,
(When the rainbow shines out brief,)
From the dewy earth in the days of the opening rose.

And I from the lofty trees
Would warble like waken'd bird a low, sweet lay,
Then should the whispering breeze
Fan the fine grass and playfully wend its way,

Bringing from dashing stream,
Tones like the voice that soothed thee in infancy;
Foregoing thy moody theme,
Then wouldst thou yield to the idlesse of revery!

I would be near, when those
Most loved were there, and brighten their festival smile;
And with thee still, when foes
Marked thee malign, and ward off their shafts of guile.

Ah! such is the vision vain,
Starting the tear or the smile alternately,
Feeding a lingering pain,
That oft hath pierced me, love, when I thought of thee.

Can I the fallacy quell?
It comes as the sole delight my misery bath;
To me as the desert well
To the weary Arab's thirst in his lonely path.

Star of thy destiny,
Genius of thy bright fate, or thine, thine own,
I must not look to be—
Therefore I weep,—yet ask I solace of none!

ADA.

For the Minerva.

LINES

*On hearing of the death of Mrs. D**s, a few weeks after meeting her at a ball.*

Her dark bright glances seemed to fall
With smiles of gentleness on all,
And shed such lustre o'er her cheek,
As when the setting sunbeams break
An instant from the evening cloud,
That strives its crimson light to shroud,
And sheds upon the mountain snow
A bright and rosy-tinted glow.

Her high white forehead gave to view
The branching veins of deepest blue,
The gentle touch of sickness there
Gave sweetness to a brow so fair;
Her form so exquisitely frail,
Her face so softly purely pale,
Seemed as if to her soul was given
Already less of earth than heaven.

She moved amid the festive throng,
She paused to hear the jocund song,
She listened to the voice of mirth,
As though she felt the joys of earth
Had yet some power left to impart
A sense of pleasure to her heart.

But though in all life's early bloom,
She seemed soon destin'd for the tomb,
And it was this that bade each ray
Of beauty more serenely play,
'Twas this that gave a softened light
To eyes else too intensely bright,

'Twas this that threw a charm around
Her every movement ; the sweet sound
Of her low voice the feelings stirr'd
Like tones of music faintly heard.

Three little weeks—the funeral vest
Was folded o'er that gentle breast,
For death had set his seal on all
So loved, so lovely ; the dark pall
For ever must that form enshroud,
So late the idol of the crowd.

Forgot by many, yet with me
Her form shall live in memory,
Like half-traced outlines of a dream,
Where all things fair and lovely seem,
And yet o'er which the pensive mind
Has cast dim shadows scarce defined,
Such shadows as the moon-beam makes,
When half through silvery clouds it breaks.

IANTHE.

For the Minerva.

A NARR. IN LAW.

Hill vs. Horton.

Peter Hill puts in his place,
The pettifogging Peter Paschal,
In a plea of trespass on the case,
'Gainst Jacob Horton—a vile rascal.—

County of Quarrels, double s, }
Let justice all our wrongs redress. }

Hill the plaintiff in this suit
Complains of Horton, d——n the brute!—
Who now is held in custody,
And trespass is the plaintiff's plea—
For that whereas the said defendant,
O'er whom the scourge of law is pendent;
Did on the thirtieth day of May,
A certain instrument convey,
(In other words, a note of writing
Of said defendant's own enditing;)
By which he promised to deliver
Twelve bantum hens, oh, the deceiver!
Also a young and likely horse,
Fit for the carriage or the course—
And the said Horton, brute aforesaid
Alas! has neither hens nor horse paid.
And now the plaintiff, sad and sighing,
Comes loudly upon justice crying,
Unto his country's jury squalling,
And for his hens and pony bawling,
But the aforesaid vile defendant,
Wont give them up, and—there's the end on't.

The plaintiff doth for pledges show }
Messrs. John Doe and Richard Roe }

B

ENIGMAS.

" And justly the wise man thus preached to us all
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A Quill.

PUZZLE II.—Hay-rick.

NEW PUZZLE.

There is a being who is a citizen of the world, who
travels incessantly. The air is not more subtle? wa-

ter is not more fluid. He removes every thing—re-
places every thing. He is mute, yet speaks all lan-
guages, and is the most eloquent of orators. He ap-
peases all quarrels, all tumults, and he foment and en-
courage all laws and law-suits. He excites courage,
and instigates cowardice; braves all seas, breaks down
all barriers, and will never sojourn any where. He di-
minishes all geographical distances, and increases all
moral ones. He makes rougher all social inequalities,
or levels them. He has power over all trades. He
procures repose, and banishes sleep. He is the strong
arm of tyranny, and the guarantee of independence.—
Virtue despises, and yet cannot do without him. His
presence gives birth to pride; his absence humbles it.
He is audacious, imperious, and impudent: he is bene-
volent, and willing to relieve. He is the best of friends,
and the most dangerous of enemies; the wisest, and
most fatal of advisers. At the voice of the prodigal, he
transforms his land and house into dust which may be
given to the winds; and he assists the provident man to
heap up his savings. Innocent himself, he corrupts in-
nocence. He provokes all crimes, projects all vices,
and attacks all virtues. He is not less the idol of uni-
versal worship. Nations, individuals contend for his
exclusive possession, although he is their mutual and
necessary interpreter. He causes pleasure and satiety.
He is equally serviceable to caprices and wants, as to
tastes and passions. He gives nourishment and toys to
infancy, and he is nourishment and toys to old age. He
conveys bread to the mouth of the paralytic, and dag-
gers to the hand of the assassin. He is deaf to the poor
who implore him, and he forces himself upon the rich
who prostitute him. He is the maker of all marriages
and the divider of all families. His natural disposition
is to travel unceasingly. He is fit for every kind of
service, but, withal a wanderer. If he comes to you, it
is but to leave you. If you retain him, he is good for
nothing—he sleeps. Take care that he returns, for he
knows how to do every thing; he is successful in all.—
If you want employment, orders, titles, honours, or
even absolutions, address yourself to him: he knows all
the magazines; he has all the keys. Are you weak, or
powerful? No matter, he will make you either a
Cræsus or an Irus. Are you a Racine, or a Cavois—a
Rochefaucault, or the Jew Samuel? No matter, he
will open to you the pavilions of the Tuileries. Are
you the niece of Mazarine, or of Villars, of Isaac, or
of Praslin? No matter, he will make you a Duchess.
He is indispensable: without him Princes would be
obliged to make their own shoes; the ugly Martha
would have remained unmarried; Bouvard would be a
mechanic; and Reodope would be a modest woman.—
He is in the midst of all good and all evil. He burned
Copenhagen, and built Petersburg. He is inactive,
and yet the universal mover. He is inanimate, and the
soul of the world. In the plenitude of his power,
would he bestow health, he sends Hippocrates; would
he defy death, he raises pyramids. Lastly, sprung from
the dirt, he is regarded as a civinity. But of whom or
what are you speaking?

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